iron for the purple gold-eyed glory of the immense bougainvillea that is stayed up to make a further porch beyond. He comes across a wide grassy stretch bordered with sweet-scented flowers and bushes, and you will forget awhile that your dis-reputable smelly noisy motor-car stands on the road behind you outside the Chinese store. The scarlet hip-cloth has been replaced by shirt and ' pants/ and the bronzed god is a middle-aged man with a drawn sad face. You will go in with him and he will be hospitable to the last degree if he is your friend. If you are not, he is still chief of the district in the room of Rari, and courteously at your service in accordance with Government regulations.

Rari died some while ago. He had been an old-time chief, who in his day had waged wars in Tahiti, acquired wide lands and kept open house. His memory as warrior, orator and statesman lingers. But his estates he knew not how to keep

or leave or work after the Western manner, his eldest son died, and Nari inherited a decaying fortune. Bit by bit more and more has slipped away. Doubtless some misfortunes might have